

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

52 THRILL-PACKED PAGES— *BETTER THAN EVER!*

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NO. 95
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CRIME

DOES NOT PAY

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER - CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS



CHIP GARDNER,
Private Eye, in

THE CASE OF THE BUFFALO NICKELS



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UNIVERSE.COM

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CHIP GARDNER, PRIVATE



ON A ROUTINE "MISSING PERSONS" MISSION,
WALKS INTO A MYSTERIOUS HOUSE IN SUBURBAN
BUFFALO, SEEKING LIFE BUT FINDING

DEATH *in the* BACK ROOM

IN THE CASE OF THE BUFFALO NICKELS

IF HE AIN'T OUT,
HE'S FAKIN' IT NEAT!
I OUGHTA PUT A
SLUG IN HIM,
ONLY...

ONLY WHAT? YOU
YELLOW? GIVE ME
THAT GUN! THERE'S
NO POINT IN SAVING
HIM NOW! HE'S
ONLY A
LIABILITY!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY is published monthly by LEY GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC., 114 East 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y. Hannah Schenberg, Business Manager; E. A. Piller, Advertising Director. Editorial, Business and Advertising Offices at 114 East 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y., U. S. A. Reentered as second class matter May 14, 1940 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Meriden, Conn. Single copies 10¢; yearly subscription in U. S. \$1.20. Copyright 1951 by LEY GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC. Printed in the U. S. A. February, 1951. Vol. 1, No. 95. The publisher is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts. Manuscripts accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelopes will be returned.

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A PRIVATE EYE GETS SOME CURIOUS JOBS AT TIMES - JOBS THAT APPEAR TO BE PUSHOVERS AND THEN TURN OUT TO BE ANYTHING BUT. LIKE THE TIME A BIG IMPORTER WANTED TO FIND OUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS SON IN BUFFALO! IT LOOKED LIKE BABY SITTING! I EVEN HAD HIS PICTURE HANDED TO ME, ALONG WITH THE NAME OF HIS EMPLOYER! I WAS BORED STIFF! A LITTLE LATER ON I WASN'T BORED AT ALL, BUT I'VE GOT TO ADMIT I WAS AS CLOSE TO BEING A STIFF AS I HAD EVER BEEN! I CALL THAT ONE "THE CASE OF THE BUFFALO NICKELS," BECAUSE A RIFTL OF THEM PAID OFF AND IT ALL BEGAN ON THE AFTERNOON OF JANUARY 11, LAST YEAR.

WENDY: I'VE GOT A HUNCH THERE'S A BIG JOB COMING! I CAN ALMOST HEAR IT KNOCKING ON THE DOOR! CAN YOU FEEL IT?

GO ON! WHY, THINGS ARE SO QUIET, I'VE CALLED UP ON ALL THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH ALL OF YOUR CLIENTS - ALL THREE OF THEM!

AND UNLESS ONE OF THE THREE KICKS IN WITH A CHECK, WE AREN'T MEETING OUR BILLS OF THE FIRST OF THE MONTH!

ANSWER THE PHONE, PESSIMIST! IF IT'S A CLIENT, I'M IN!

YES, SIR, MR. GARDNER IS AVAILABLE, BUT HE'SN'T CHEAP! HE'S HIGH-PRICED! THAT IS, I MEAN HIS FEES ARE REASONABLE, BUT...

AH, MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT! LET ME TAKE IT, WENDY!

I'M ASKING FOR CHEEP GARDNER - HIMSELF - CHEEP GARDNER!

LISTEN, BUD, IF YOU WANT CHEAP INVESTIGATION WORK, TRY SOME OTHER OFFICE - NOT CHIP GARDNER!

BUT THAT'S THE MR. GARDNER I DO WANT. CHEEP GARDNER... MISTER CHEEP GARDNER! YOU TELL ME THE PRICE!

THREE EES SPARTOS GALLIAROS, IMPORTER? I AM IN MY OFFICE IN THE DOWNTOWN TRADE BUILDING! I MUST HAVE A QUEER SEARCH, RIGHT AWAY! YOU SEE ME IN A HURRY, EHS?

I'M STARTING GALLIAROS, IMPORTER? FOR YOUR OFFICE, RIGHT NOW, MR. GALLIAROS!

GOT IT ALL... AND IT SMELLS LIKE MONEY TO ME! YOU AND YOUR HUNCHES! HAHAHAH!

I WAS IN MR. GALLIAROS' OFFICE IN THIRTY MINUTES! HE WAS BIG, PAUNCHY, SWEATING FROM WORRY...

YOU SEE, MEESTER CHEEP, I HELPED MY COUNTRY AFTER THE WAR! I SEND MONEY! MY GEEPS CARRY TRACTORS AND GUNS, ALL FOR DEFENSE AND UNITED NATIONS! BUT THEN COMES TROUBLE - BAD TROUBLE! MY COUNTRY GETS FIGHTING WITH WHAT YOU CALL IT - GORILLAS!

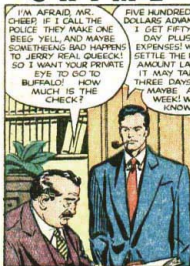
GUERRILLAS THEY CALL THEM, MR. GALLIAROS! BUT WHAT HAPPENED YOUR SON GET SNAGGED OVER THERE?

NO, NO! IT IS NOT SO BAD AS THAT, EXCEPT MAYBE WORSE! MY SON, HE EES IN BUFFALO! IN MY COUNTRY, EEF THEY CATCH HIM, THEY ASK RANSOM! BUT IN BUFFALO WHO KNOW WHAT CAN HAPPEN? HIS LIFE MAYBE EES NOT WORTH A BUFFALO NICKEL!

HMM... LAST LETTER DATED TEN DAYS AGO! ASKS FOR MONEY! ALL LATER MAIL RETURNED! NO DELIVERY OF TELEGRAMS! WHO IS JERRY GALLUP?

MY SON! HE TOOK SHORTER NAME! DEED YOU! SEE LETTER SAYING HE GEEV UP HEES JOB? IF HE NEEDS MONEY, WHY DEED HE DO THAT?

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I'M AFRAID, MR. CHEEP IF I CALL THE POLICE THEY MAKE ONE BEEG YELL, AND MAYBE SOMETHING BAD HAPPENS TO JERRY REAL QUEECK! SO I WANT YOUR PRIVATE EYE TO GO TO BUFFALO! HOW MUCH IS THE CHECK?

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS ADVANCE! I GET FIFTY A DAY PLUS EXPENSES! WE'LL SETTLE THE FINAL AMOUNT LATER! IT MAY TAKE THREE DAYS—MAYBE A WEEK! WHO KNOWS?



LATER, BACK AT MY OFFICE... DEPOSIT THIS HALF GRAND AND GET ME TWO HUNDRED IN CASH! I'VE GOT TO HEAD FOR BUFFALO AND FIND MR. G'S LITTLE BOY, JERRY!

IT'S AFTER FIVE! YOU GET HOME AND PACK! I'LL GET YOU YOUR MONEY SOMEWHERE, AND REGRETATIONS ON THE MIGHT! MEET YOU IN GRAND CENTRAL WITH YOUR REPORTS TYPED!

LATE, AS USUAL! YOUR TICKETS ARE IN THE SMALL ENVELOPE, AND ALL IMPORTANT DATA IN THE BIG ONE—AND THERE'S A HINT—JERRY LIKES THE HORSES! MAYBE THAT'S WHY THE NAME GALLUP!

THANKS, KID! I MISSED THAT! HMM...



I PICKED UP A COUPLE OF BUFFALO PAPERS TO SEE WHAT GOES ON LOCALLY! I'LL CHECK THE RACE TRACKS WHILE I'M ABOUT IT!

STICK TO YESTERDAY'S RESULTS, CHIP! DON'T LOOK AT TOMORROW'S ENTRIES, OR YOUR WEAKNESS WILL BE SHOWING! WELL, TOODLE-OO!



WENDY'S TALK ABOUT HORSES GOT ME TO THINKING! I WENT THROUGH THE PAPERS IN THE SMOKING CAR, COVERING THE SPORTS PAGES FIRST, AND THEN THE NEWS, BUT I LISTENED WHILE I READ...

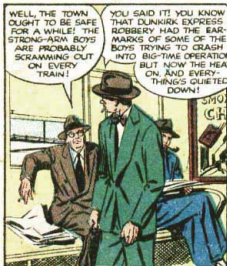
I'LL BE STUCK IN BUFFALO TWO WHOLE DAYS! SOUNDS DULL!

YEAH—THINGS ARE SLOW UP THERE! THEY'VE BEEN CRACKING DOWN ON GAMBLING! AND I HEAR EVEN THE FLOOR SHOWS QUIT EARLY!



NIGHTCLUB BUSINESS HIT NEW LOW! CLEAN UP CRUSADE PUTS BITE ON PROFITS!

SEEK EXPRESS ROBBERY FUGITIVE'S HERE POLICE SHAKE-UP LEAD TO INTENSIVE MAN-HUNT BUT LACK OF CLUES SH CASE IN MYSTERY!



WELL, THE TOWN OUGHT TO BE SAFE FOR A WHILE! THE STRONG-ARM BOYS ARE PROBABLY SCRAMBLING OUT ON EVERY TRAIN!

YOU SAID IT! YOU KNOW THAT DUNKIRK EXPRESS ROBBERY HAD THE EAR-MARKS OF SOME OF THE BOYS TRYING TO CRASH INTO BIG-TIME OPERATIONS! BUT NOW THE HEAT'S ON, AND EVERYTHING'S QUIETED DOWN!



SO BUFFALO'S BEEN IN A BIT OF A STEW, EH? MAYBE I'D BETTER WATCH MY STEP! THE POLICE AS WELL AS THE UNDERWORLD MAY BE ALLERGIC TO STRANGERS!

OF COURSE I HADN'T LOST SIGHT OF THE POSSIBILITY THAT THERE MIGHT BE A FOREIGN GANGLE IN YOUNG GALLUPS DISAPPEARANCE, BUT IT SEEMED PRETTY REMOTE! IT STILL LOOKED LIKE A ROUTINE "MISSING PERSONS" JOB! AND IF THERE HAD BEEN ANY SKUL-DUGGERY, THE CHANCES WERE THAT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN OF A STRICTLY LOCAL NATURE! IN THE MORNING, I CHECKED IN AT THE BUXY HOTEL, HAD BREAKFAST AND GOT GOING! THERE WAS A GLUTY RAIN FALLING...

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I'M A FRIEND OF JERRY GALLUP AND THIS WAS HIS LAST ADDRESS!

WELL, IF YOU'RE A FRIEND OF HIS, TELL HIM HE'D BETTER GET BACK AND PAY HIS OVERDUE RENT!



I KNOW JERRY GALLUP WORKED HERE! I WANT TO KNOW WHEN HE QUIT—AND WHY!

HE LEFT LAST WEEK! SAID HE COULDN'T MAKE ENOUGH MONEY SELLING OUR STUFF! HE WAS OVER HIS DRAWING ACCOUNT ANYWAY, SO I WAS GLAD TO SEE HIM GO! HE HAD BORROWED MONEY FROM EVERYBODY—EVEN LEFT A TAB UNPAID DOWN AT JOE'S LUNCHROOM!



IT WASN'T DAMES OR HORSES THAT KEPT JERRY BROKE! YOU BEING A PAL OF HIS, I'LL TELL YOU CONFIDENTIAL! HE GOT IN TOO MANY GAMES IN ZUBER'S BACK ROOM ACROSS THE STREET! DROP IN AN' TELL 'EM YOU KNOW JERRY! YOU'LL SEE WHAT I MEAN!

THANKS, JOE! WHEN I FIND JERRY, I'LL REMIND HIM TO PAY YOU UP!



JERRY GALLUP SAID TO MENTION HIS NAME! IS IT OKAY TO JOIN THE BOYS IN THE BACK ROOM?

OKAY BY ME—ONLY YOU WON'T FIND NO POKER GAME NOW! THE GUYS ARE TOO SCARED OF THE COPS BREAKING IN! WANT TO PLAY THE SLOT MACHINES?



IT WAS EASY TO SIZE UP ZUBER'S JOINT... A CARD PARLOR, WHERE SUCKERS LIKE JERRY WERE RELIEVED OF THEIR CASH! THERE WAS NO TELLING WHO HAD CROSSED JERRY UP! MIGHT EVEN HAVE BEEN AN ENEMY OF HIS FATHER! I LEARNED NOTHING, ABSOLUTELY NOTHING! BUT I WON A LOT OF NICKELS FROM THE ONE-ARMED BANDIT, AND I WALKED OUT WITH THEM IN MY FISTS! THEN I HAILED A CAB AND HEADED FOR POLICE HEADQUARTERS!



I'M CHIP GARDNER, INVESTIGATOR! I'M LOOKING FOR A JERRY GALLUP, DESCRIBED HERE! HIS FATHER WISHES THE SEARCH TO REMAIN CONFIDENTIAL!

IF WE HAVE ANY ACCIDENT REPORTS, OR ANY OTHER INFORMATION ON THE GUY, IT WILL BE IN THE HANDS OF DETECTIVE WALKER—ROOM 607!

MISSING IDENTIFICATIONS



...SO I'D LIKE TO MAKE SURE! A REPORT OF AN ACCIDENT, OR ANYTHING ELSE THAT MIGHT HELP!

WE'LL HANDLE IT THROUGH ROUTINE CHANNELS! WE DON'T GIVE SPECIAL SERVICE TO PRIVATE EYES! YOU GET PAID TO TRACK DOWN YOUR OWN LEADS!

I REWIND THE POLICE CLOCK THAT IF ANYTHING DEVELOPED, HE'D GET THE CREDIT! HE WOULD BE IN BUFFALO LONG AFTER I LEFT! I WAS PRETTY SORE, SO I TOLD HIM ABOUT THE SURVEY I'D ALREADY MADE! SURE, I WANTED INFORMATION FROM THE POLICE, BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE TO RUB IT IN! AFTER THAT I FIGURED HE'D TRY TO SHOW ME UP, WHICH IS ONE WAY OF GETTING HELP, BUT IT ALSO GAVE ME ANOTHER IDEA! I WENT BACK TO J. GALLUP'S LANDLADY! SHE MIGHT KNOW MORE THAN SHE TOLD, AND IF SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A POLICE CASE...

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I'D USED UP ALMOST \$1.50 IN NICKELS AND WAS GETTING WRITER'S CRAMP FROM CROSSING OFF NUMBERS WHEN I HIT PAY DIRT...



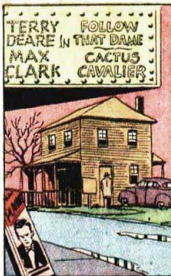
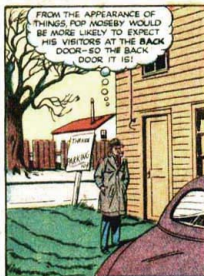
IT WASN'T MUCH DARKER THAN IT HAD BEEN ALL DAY, BUT THE STREET LIGHTS WERE COMING ON, SO I KNEW IT WAS LATE! I GRABBED A BITE TO EAT AND KEPT GOING! THE RAIN HAD EASED OFF WHEN I REACHED THE BRUMBER PLACE ADDRESS...



I DIDN'T WANT TO SEEM TOO ANXIOUS, SO I BOUGHT A PAPER! IT WAS AN EARLY EDITION, FOLDED TO THE EXPRESS ROBBERY STORY! I LOOKED AT IT BRIEFLY, GLANCED UP AT THE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET, THEN BACK TO THE PAPER...



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I KNEW POP MOSEBY WAS PULLING SOME-THING! HE'D ASKED ME WHY I KNOCKED SO LONG, THEN CLAIMED HE HADN'T HEARD ME! AND HED CAUGHT JERRY'S NAME QUICK ENOUGH... HE MUST HAVE KNOWN ABOUT TOMLINSON! MAYBE HE KNEW TOMLINSON WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO HAD THIS ADDRESS! ANYWAY, I DIDN'T TRUST HIM, AND AS I MOVED INTO THE ROOM WHICH WAS ILLUMINATED ONLY BY THE ALTERNATELY FLASHING GREEN AND YELLOW LIGHTS FROM THE SIGN ON THE MOVIE HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET, MY GUN WAS OUT, MY FINGER ON THE TRIGGER...



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ONLY A THOUSAND! THE CHEAP CHISELERS! AND AFTER ALL I DID FOR 'EM!

I KEPT HEARING VOICES... DIM AND FAR AWAY! GRADUALLY THEY CAME NEARER! MY HEAD WAS CLEARING...

GET THAT CLOTHES-LINE FROM THE KITCHEN AND A TOWEL! WE'LL SPURGE THIS PUNK, BUT GOOD!

YEAH, THAT'S SMARTER THAN KNOCKIN' HIM OFF! ITS GOOD BREEN'S NOT HERE!



ONE THING THOUGH! HE MIGHT HAVE A FRIEND OR SOMETHING! CAN'T HAVE HIM TALK TOO SOON!

I'VE FIGURED THAT! WE'LL FIX IT SOME WAY!



HE'S A PRIVATE DICK! DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIS FRIENDS! THESE BIRDS DON'T HAVE FRIENDS!

A GUMSHOE!



LINDA, IF I SALVAGE THE PHOTO WITH RED INK, THESE PAPERS WOULD...

MORRY YOU'RE A GENIUS! ITS PERFECT FOR A PLANT! BUT LOOK, LETS SPLIT THOSE BONDS IN CASE WE GET SEPARATED!



LITTLE LINDA WOULDN'T WANT TO BE SHORT-CHANGED IF WE WERE SEPARATED, WOULD SHE? BUT WHY SHOULD I GYP YOU?

THERE'S A LOT MORE HERE THAN JUST OUR SHARE!



MAYBE I WAS RIGHT FIGURING YOU AS A GYP ARTIST! WHAT'S BREEN GOING TO SAY WHEN HE FINDS OUT?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, GYP ARTIST? I JUST TALKED HIM OUT OF TWO-THIRDS OF A THREE-WAY SPLIT, INSTEAD OF ONE END OF FIFTY-FIFTY!



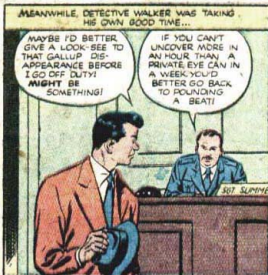
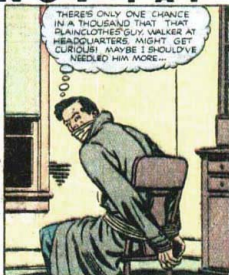
OKAY, BUT THIS IS MORE THAN TWO-THIRDS!

SURE, BECAUSE I HAD TO PAY MOSEBY OFF! HOW CHEAP I DID THAT IS MY BUSINESS! GET YOUR THINGS! I'M READY!

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I HEARD THEIR DEPARTING FOOTSTEPS, THEN, THE DOOR BANGED SHUT! I WAS ALONE WITH MY THOUGHTS AND THOSE BLINKING LIGHTS... YELLOW, GREEN, YELLOW... I'D COME TO FIND JERRY GALLUP AND HAD WALKED INTO THE HIDEAWAY OF THE GANG THAT HI-JACKED THE EXPRESS COMPANY! I'D HAD LOTS OF LUCK, ALL RIGHT—ALL BAD! I KNEW PLenty THAT I WASN'T AND TO KNOW EVEN THE NAME OF THE OTHER BANDIT, GREEN! BUT MY TRAIL TO JERRY GALLUP WAS BLOCKED IF SPURTS GALLAPOLIS COULD SEE ME NOW! THE LIGHTS WERE GETTING ON MY NERVES... YELLOW... GREEN... YELLOW...



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THEY'LL BE BACK SOON! I PUT SUGAR IN THEIR GAS TANK! THEY WON'T GET AS FAR AS THE AIRPORT! MORRY MAY BEGIN TO WONDER, THEN... THE NEWS ABOUT THE REGISTERED BONDS IS ON THE RADIO NOW! IF YOU'RE A FRIEND OF JERRY GALLUP, YOU'LL UNDERSTAND! I'VE GOT TO LOOK OUT FOR MYSELF FIRST!



BREEN DIDN'T FOOL ME! HE WANTED TO GET GOING AND THEN HAVE ME LOOSE TO TANGLE WITH HIS PALS IF THEY CAME BACK! ALL THREE WERE DOUBLE-CROSSERS! BUT MORRY AND LINDA WERE THE SHOOTING KIND! I'D BE HAPPY TO OBLIGE AND PUT THEM OUT OF CIRCULATION, BREEN OR NO BREEN... BUT FIRST I HAD TO GET FREE, AND IT WASN'T TOO EASY! HE'D CUT ONLY THE INSIDE CORD, AND I HAD TO TWIST AND PULL, THEN RELAX AND START ALL OVER AGAIN...



MORRY HAD BEEN SMART! HE'D PLANTED MY CREDENTIALS ON A CORPSE—AND THE CORPSE WAS JERRY GALLUP! I REMEMBERED NOW THAT ONE OF THE GANG HAD BEEN SHOT AND WOUNDED IN THAT EXPRESS COMPANY HOLDUP! I STARTED FOR THE PHONE, BUT AT THAT VERY MOMENT...



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WELL, THERE I WAS, BACK IN THE SAME TOUGH SPOT, THINKING HOW NICE POLICE INTERVENTION WOULD BE AT THAT MOMENT! BUT, AS DETECTIVE WALKER'S LATER REPORT SHOWED, HE WAS DETOURING AGAIN...

CALLING CAR 86...
CALLING CAR 86...
TO FIGHT IN TONY'S BAR
AND GRILL! 3-4-5
URBAN STREET!
THAT'S ME, WALKER! GUESS YOU'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE THAT REWARD PROJECT—UNLESS YOU WANT TO DROP OFF HERE!
NO—I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!



I WAS NOT AFTER HIS DOUGH!
NO? I SAW YOU DUMP POWDER IN HIS DRINK, AFTER YOU SAW THAT BANK-ROLL!
LET ME SEE THE OLD GUY! IS HE OUT?
NAW—HE'S JUST BARBLIN' LIKE HE WAS DRUNK ON TWO BEERS!



MEANWHILE...
BREEN'S BAG IS GONE! HE'S BEEN HERE AND SKIPPED! AND HE MUST'VE LIFTED THE DICK'S PAPERS OFF GALLUP! THINGS ARE GETTIN' MESSED UP! I DON'T LIKE IT!



IF THERE'S ANY LIFE LEFT IN THIS PUNK, HE'S GONNA TELL US WHEN BREEN WAS HERE!



I JUST LAY BACK AND TOOK IT! ANY OTHER PLAY WOULD HAVE BEEN SUICIDE...

IF HE AIN'T OUT, HE'S FAKIN' IT NEAT! I OUGHTA PUT A SLUG IN HIM, ONLY...
ONLY WHAT? YOU YELLOW? GIVE ME THAT GUN! THERE'S NO POINT TO SAVING HIM! HE'S ONLY A LIABILITY!



YELLOW? I'LL SHOW YOU WHETHER I'M YELLOW OR NOT! THIS DICK GOES FIRST, THEN BREEN—WHEN I CATCH UP WITH HIM!



WHOEVER IT WAS, HE WAS MY FRIEND, FOR THE INTERRUPTION STAYED MY EXECUTION! AS THE DOOR OPENED, MORRY SWUNG AROUND—AND I TIMED MY SPRING TO THAT MOTION...



YES, IT WAS WALKER, THE GUY FROM HEADQUARTERS, THE GUY I'D BE HOPING TO SEE! HE'D FINALLY MADE IT!



I'VE GOT HIM, WALKER! GRAB THE GIRL! SHE'S EVEN WORSE!

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WALKER LEARNED I WAS RIGHT! LINDA BIT, CLAWED, SCRATCHED...SHE EVEN TRIED TO GET HIS GUN! BUT HE WAS TOO STRONG FOR HER! MEANWHILE, WITH GREAT PERSONAL SATISFACTION, I TURNED MY ATTENTION TO WORRY...



NOW IT'S MY TURN, CHUM! CAN YOU TAKE IT?

YOU REALLY BLACKED THE GUY OUT, GARDNER! WHAT A SCRAP! I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED IT FOR ANYTHING! BUT DO YOU KNOW I ALMOST PASSED UP COMING HERE? JUST HAPPENED TO FIND A GUY NAMED POP MOSELY IN A BARRROOM BRAWL...

THAT OLD HE-GOAT! I GOT PLENTY TO THANK HIM FOR!

I'LL TELL YOU WHO TO PICK UP NEXT, WALKER...



CHAP NAMED BREEN IS HEAD MAN IN THIS SET UP--HAWKNOSED, BUT NOT THE GANGSTER TYPE! HE STOPPED THESE TWO FROM REACHING THE AIRPORT, SO I IMAGINE HE TOOK THE LAST PLANE! BETTER CHECK IT!

MY HUNCH PAID OFF...THEY GOT BREEN AS HE STEPPED OFF THE PLANE AT DETROIT! AND FOR ONCE THE POLICE HAD HELPED A PRIVATE EYE! IF WALKER HADN'T BARGED IN, I'D HAVE BEEN A DEAD DUCK! BUT I WAS GENUINELY SORRY ABOUT JERRY GALLUP! JUST ANOTHER KID WHOSE FIRST MISTAKE WAS HIS LAST! I TALKED THE WHOLE THING OVER WITH WALKER! WE'RE GOOD FRIENDS NOW! THEN I HOPPED A TRAIN FOR NEW YORK...

I WIRED YOU TO MEET ME HERE, MR. GALLIAPOLIS, BECAUSE I HAVE BAD NEWS! YOUR SON WAS DEEP IN DEBT! HE GOT IN WITH A LOT OF BAD PEOPLE! IT WAS THE ONLY WAY HE COULD SEE TO PAY OFF!

I KNOW, CHEEP GARDNER, I KNOW! I TELEPHONED TO BUFFALO, AND DETECTIVE WALKER, HE TOLD ME! BUT I THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR WHAT YOU DO! EFF I OWE YOU ANY MORE...



YOU OWE ME NOTHING! JERRY WAS DEAD BEFORE I STARTED OUT! SO I HAVE ALREADY MAILED YOU A CHECK, DEDUCTING JUST THE COST OF MY TRIP AND TWO DAYS SERVICE! AND I WANT YOU TO KNOW THE POLICE WILL LET IT STAND THAT YOUR SON WAS SIMPLY MURDERED! HIS NAME WILL BE LEFT OUT OF THE...

IT WAS PLEASANT TO HEAR I'M A NICE MAN! HOPE THE LANDLORD THINKS SO, TOO!

WELL, ANYWAY, THE BUFFALO POLICE THINK YOU'RE A NICE MAN, CHIP! THEY SENT THIS CHECK FOR \$10,000 SPECIAL DELIVERY! ITS YOUR SHARE OF THE EXPRESS REWARD! AND, YOU KNOW MR. GARDNER, SOMETIMES I THINK YOU'RE A NICE MAN, TOO!

I GOT TO THINKING ABOUT THAT "NICE" MAN STUFF AND I DIDN'T LIKE IT TOO MUCH! NICE MEN ARE SOFTIES...THEY DON'T CATCH CROOKS! MAYBE I WAS SLIPPING!

BUT I HAD NO CHANCE OF GOING SOFT! ALMOST IMMEDIATELY I GOT MIXED UP IN A CASE THAT CAUGHT ME IN AG NEAT A TRAP AS A CROOK EVER SET...WITH DEATH STALKING THROUGH THE CARS OF A TRANSCONTINENTAL EXPRESS TRAIN! AND THERE WAS NO CHANCE TO GET OFF FOR ME OR THE CROOKS!

NEXT MONTH I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE TIME WHEN MURDER WAS ON THE LOOSE AND BREATHING DOWN MY NECK FOR THREE DAYS, IN "THE CASE OF THE MOVIE STAR'S DOUBLE!"



THE END

In consideration of innocent persons involved and relatives of others, the names of characters depicted in this magazine are fictitious. Any similarity to names of people living or dead is entirely coincidental. This in no way affects the accuracy of these stories which are based on fact.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912; AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF CRIME DOES NOT PAY, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1950.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., 114 E. 32nd St., New York 16, N. Y. Editor: Charles Birn, 107 E. 63rd St., New York 21, N. Y. Managing Editor: Bob Wood, 400 E. 57th St., New York 22, N. Y. Business manager: Hannah Schreberg, 238 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

HANNAH SCHREBERG, Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 14th day of September, 1950.

(SEAL)

ABRAHAM PRESS

(My commission expires March 30, 1951.)

ON THE LEVEL



DUE TO A TECHNICALITY IN THE LAW LAWRENCE MADRID WAS SENTENCED TO SERVE 2 MINUTES IN JAIL! THE COURT RECORD HAD TO SHOW THAT LAWRENCE WAS IN JAIL!

DICK TRACY ARRESTED!

A MAN WHOSE REAL NAME WAS DICK TRACY WAS ARRESTED IN A WESTERN CITY, FOR PASSING A BAD CHECK!

A WOMAN MOTORIST IN CALIFORNIA ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING EXPLAINED THAT SHE WAS WEARING A NEW PAIR OF PLATFORM SHOES AND COULDN'T TELL HOW FAR DOWN SHE WAS PRESSING ON THE ACCELERATOR!

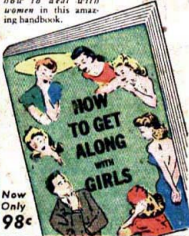
by
C.H. MOORE

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... when You Know How!

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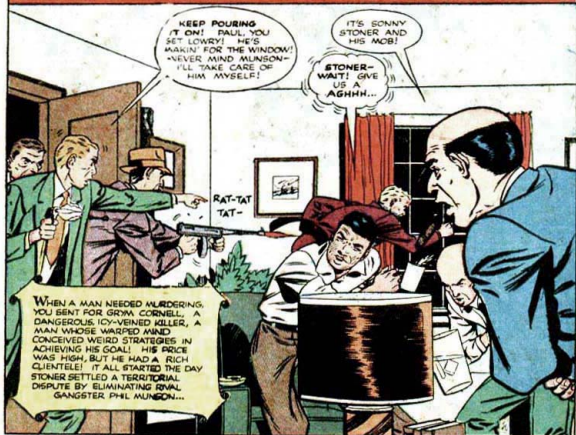
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CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY

MURDER for Sale

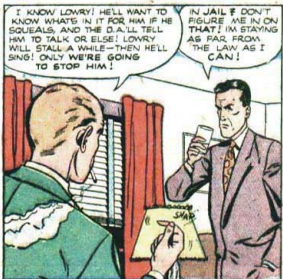
WHEN A MAN BREAKS INTO JAIL
THAT'S NEWS!



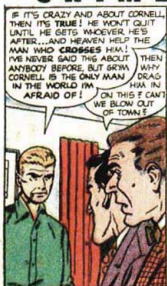
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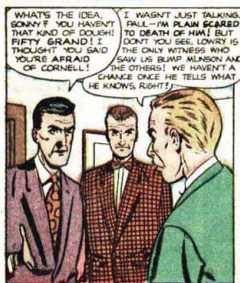
BUT THEY DON'T FIND LOU LOWRY, NOR DID THEY KNOW WHAT HAD BECOME OF HIM, UNTIL SONNY STONER READ THE HEADLINES IN THE EVENING PAPER...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



COLD AND BUSINESS-LIKE, GRIM CORNELL ARRIVED, AND BONNY STONER PRESENTED HIS PROBLEM...



THIS MUCH CAN BE SAID FOR GRIM CORNELL: HOWEVER FANTASTIC HIS METHODS, HE ALWAYS SUCCEEDED. HE WAS ALIVE TO PROVE IT! AND HE KNEW HIS WAY AROUND! SHORTLY AFTER CORNELL LEFT BONNY STONER, HE SLIPPED INTO THE LAW OFFICES OF TDBAGS AND RICHARDS! THE RECEPTION ROOM WAS EMPTY, AND HE STOOD FOR A MOMENT LISTENING TO THE CONVERSATION THAT WAS GOING ON BEYOND THE FROSTED GLASS...

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

T.TONIGHT I...I DON'T KEEP THAT KIND OF MONEY AROUND! I COULD SCRAPE UP A COUPLE OF GRAND, BUT—LOOK GRIM, COULDN'T YOU WAIT UNTIL MORNING? I PROMISE YOU YOU'LL GET THE MONEY FIRST THING—CROYDEN NATIONAL AT FIFTEENTH AND MAIN...



YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD ME THAT BEFORE, STONER! WE MADE A BARBAIN! YOU BE AT THAT BANK AT NINE OR I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU.

...YOU HEAR ME, PAUL? WE GOT TO DIG UP 50,000 BUCKS BY NINE TOMORROW! HUH? ...YEAH, I KNOW HOW TO GET IT—FROM A GUY THAT CARRIES A BAG FULL OF DOUGH EVERY NIGHT!

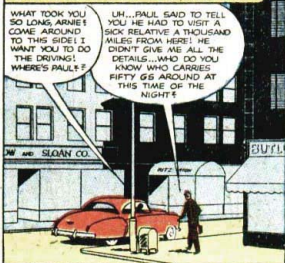


YOU MEAN HE CARRIES IT TO A BANK? THAT'S CRAZY, STONER! HE'D HAVE AN ARMED GUARD WITH HIM...

MAYBE IT'S NOT CRAZY TO GET A SLUG IN THE HEAD! I KNOW THIS GUY AND I KNOW HE CARRIES THAT MONEY ALONE! HE SAYS A COP WOULD ONLY ATTRACT ATTENTION! LISTEN, PAUL, YOU AND ARNIE MEET ME AT THE CORNER OF FIFTEENTH AND MAIN IN HALF AN HOUR!



AFTER AN HOUR'S WAIT AT THE APPOINTED SPOT...



WHAT TOOK YOU SO LONG, ARNIE? COME AROUND TO THIS SIDE! I WANT YOU TO DO THE DRIVING! WHERE'S PAUL?

UH...PAUL SAID TO TELL YOU HE HAD TO VISIT A SICK RELATIVE A THOUSAND MILES FROM HERE! HE DIDN'T GIVE ME ALL THE DETAILS...WHO DO YOU KNOW WHO CARRIES FIFTY GS AROUND AT THIS TIME OF THE NIGHT?

PAUL'S A RAT! IF I GET OUT OF THIS SCRAPE, I'LL SPEND THE REST OF MY DAYS HUNTING HIM DOWN! LOOK, ARNIE, THIS WON'T BE TOUGH! THE GUY'S CASHIER FOR CORTLEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE! HE DEPOSITS THE TAKE EVERY NIGHT—CARRIES THE BILLS IN A PAPER BAG! THE CHANGE THEY LEAVE IN THE STORE...DRIVE SLOWLY NOW!

YOU'VE BEEN ON THE SQUARE WITH ME, SONNY, AND I WOULDN'T CROSS YOU, BUT YOU CAN'T EXACTLY BLAME PAUL! IT WAS FACE CORNELL OR PULL A STICK-UP AND HE DIDN'T GO FOR EITHER! IF WE HAD ANY SENSE, WE'D DO THE SAME!



RUN AWAY—FROM GRIM CORNELL? YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S LIKE, ARNIE! HE'D CHASE US ALL OVER THE WORLD—NOT FOR THE DOUGH, BUT JUST ON THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING! HE GETS AN IDEA IN HIS HEAD, AND THERE'S NO STOPPING HIM!

MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, SONNY! IF THAT CASHIER DOESN'T HAVE A COP WITH HIM, WE'LL TRY GRABBING THE DOUGH! BUT IF WE CAN'T PULL THIS STICK-UP, THEN I'M NOT STICKING AROUND FOR NO SCREW-BALL TO PUT HOLES IN MY HEAD!



ARNIE! HERE HE COMES! WAIT TILL HE GETS TO THE NIGHT DEPOSITORY! HE'LL HAVE HIS BACK TO US! WE'LL KEEP HIM THAT WAY SO HE WON'T SEE WHO I AM!

I DON'T LIKE IT, STONER... IT SOUNDS TOO EASY!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WRONG AGAIN, STONER. THAT CASPER DIDN'T HAVE AN ARMED GUARD WITH HIM, BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE KEPT AN EYE ON THE CAR HALF A BLOCK AWAY! NO GUY IN HIS RIGHT MIND CARRIES 50,000 BUCKS BY HIMSELF!



LOOK, FRED, A STICK-UP!

I SEE IT! GO GET 'EM! DOUSE YOUR LIGHTS AND SHIFT INTO NEUTRAL! WE'LL COAST UP!

STAY NICE AND QUIET IF YOU DON'T WANT TO GET CROAKED, BUDDY! JUST REMEMBER, THIS ISN'T YOUR DOUGH!

WHA...OKAY--GO EASY! JUST HELP YOURSELF, BUT DON'T PULL THOSE TRIGGERS!

NOW COUNT UP TO FIVE HUNDRED AND DON'T MOVE FROM THAT SPOT TILL YOU DO! WE'LL BE WATCHING!

STAY PUT, YOU CLOWNS! TOSS THOSE RODS ON THE ROAD!

ALL RIGHT, ROSS--YOU CAN PUT YOUR HANDS DOWN NOW--WE'VE GOT 'EM!

WELL, AREN'T YOU TWO THE BRIGHT BOYS! YOU WON'T GET A CHANCE TO TRY THIS AGAIN FOR TEN OR TWENTY YEARS!

L..LISTEN... I WAS DESPERATE! THERE WAS SOME-BODY.

SHUT UP STONER! THEY AREN'T INTERESTED IN YOUR SAD STORY! YOU'VE LOUSED US UP ENOUGH ALREADY!

AT THE CITY JAIL, SONNY STONER REALIZED SOMETHING FOR THE FIRST TIME--SOMETHING HE MONETARILY REGARDED AS BOTH COMFORTING AND AMUSING...

HA! HA! ARNIE--HE HE CAN'T GET US NOW! WE'RE SAFE! HA! HA! HA! COR.

SHUT UP, STONER!

WHAT'S SO FUNNY, STONER! YOU'LL LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF YOUR FACE WHEN THE D.A. THROWS THE BOOK AT YOU! HUH! WHAT WAS THE MATTER WITH THE RACKETEERS, BIG SHOT--NOT PAYING OFF? IMAGINE A PUNK LIKE YOU TRYING TO PULL A HEIST! TAKE 'EM UPSTAIRS, BOYS!

NOW WE ARE IN A SPOT! THIS WILL BE IN THE PAPERS TOMORROW! CORNELL WILL KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR US!

SAY, YOU DON'T THINK HE WOULD...

PIPE DOWN, YOU TWO!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YES THE FANTASTIC HALF-MAD CORNELL WAS ON HAND THE NEXT MORNING, WITH ONE DEADLY PURPOSE IN MIND... TO MAKE SONY STONER PAY OFF... WITH HIS LIFE! BUT NOBODY KNEW HE WAS ON HAND—NOT EVEN THE DRIVER OF THE LAUNDRY TRUCK THAT DROVE UP AT THE PRISON GATES AT 11:10...

CREDENTIALS! ALL THE TIME CREDENTIALS! YOU DON'T KNOW ME AFTER SIX MONTHS, JUDSON?



THAT'S FAR ENOUGH, LYONS!



LOOKS ALL RIGHT IN... UGH!!



OKAY, LYONS! PULL IN TO THE DELIVERY ENTRANCE!



CREDENTIALS, RULES, INSPECTIONS! YOU'D THINK I WAS GOING TO OHHH!



I'M COMING, STONER! I'M COMING TO KILL YOU!



EVERYONE PAYS GRYM CORNELL—ONE WAY OR ANOTHER! SO I'M COMING, STONER!



UP, UP, THE PRECIPITOUS LAUNDRY CHUTE CORNELL CLIMBED, WITH THE DETERMINATION AND STRENGTH THAT IS FOUND ONLY IN THE MADMAN...

...COMING TO KILL YOU, STONER... KILL... KILL...



UP, UP, AND THEN...

CLOSER, STONER! CAN'T YOU FEEL ME COMING CLOSER?



AFTER A SLEEPLESS, FEAR-RIDDEN NIGHT, SONY STONER WAS ON THE VERGE OF COLLAPSE! HIS KATALISTIC TERROR OF GRYM CORNELL WAS APPROACHING Hysteria...

LOOK, YOU GOT TO PROTECT ME! IT'S MY RIGHT, SEE? HELL GET ME—I CAN FEEL IT! AND MY BLOOD WILL BE ON YOUR HANDS!

YOU'RE LOONEY, STONER! NOBODY'S HERE, AND NOBODY'S GOING TO GET IN! WHO'RE YOU AFRAID OF, ANYHOW?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



When Detective Dickenson Left On Vacation, He Didn't Expect to Find... **a CORPSE on the BEACH**



CHARLES GROVE, junior partner of a reputable firm of New York importers, had sailed from New York for South America. Within twelve hours a radio message was received from the liner, *Queen of Brazil*. Grove had disappeared from the ship. His hat, vest and shoes were found by the rail on the promenade deck. No messages were found in his stateroom, but there was no outcry on deck and he was considered a suicide.

Within another twelve hours Grove's body was washed ashore near a small fishing town on the Jersey coast. He had been strangled by a piece of heavy twine, *garroted*. A steward with whom he had had an altercation was arrested and held aboard the liner.

Grove's father hurried to the New Jersey fishing town and positively identified the body. The badly battered remains were immediately cremated.

That might have ended the case but for a young private detective named Dickenson, vacationing at the beach, who became curious. He borrowed a piece of the strangling twine from the police, and went hunting for more like it. It was an unusual type of cording, used by fishermen to mend their deep-sea nets. Only two customers for this type of cord were re-

ported within twenty miles of the spot where the body was washed ashore. Detective Dickenson learned this from the cordage manufacturers in Philadelphia. He also learned that such cord was never used aboard an ocean liner—and that none was being shipped to South America. Then he went calling!

At his second stop he found two fishermen in their shack, taking life easy. They were in a jovial mood, celebrating the fact that they no longer need fish for a living. In the glow of the wine they talked freely. They were ready to sell out their holdings, shack, nets, equipment, yawl, everything. So Dickenson talked about buying. He talked price. He haggled over the supplies, and learned that from a new length of cord, like that used in the killing, there was missing just the amount that had been wound tightly around Grove's neck!

Dickenson shook hands with the fishermen, and left ostensibly to get the cash to pay down on the business. It didn't take long. He returned within half an hour.

But as he entered the shack, the detective asked: "Why did you men kill Mr. Grove?"

The question sobered the two fishermen. They arose together and lunged toward the detective. But two other figures appeared sud-

denly in the door. He had brought the State Police back with him. Finding themselves prisoners broke the nerve of the two men. The story they told was strange, but there was no reason to doubt it. It went back to the night the *Queen of Brazil* sailed from New York.

It had been nearing midnight. There was no moon. A fishing yawl scudded before the wind toward its home port. There had been a long, hard day at the lobster traps, and the men were tired. The last two hours before darkness fell had been spent in checking the heavy deep-water nets and hauling in the catch. Now the two-man crew was lazing astern, letting the wind do the work.

Suddenly a strong searchlight beam swept the length of the yawl, hesitated, then swung back. It focused amidships, and the two men sat up, blinking in the light as a fast yacht bore down on them.

"Has the look of a smuggler's craft," Oleson remarked.

"Ay don't like it," Jankholt, his companion, answered.

They peered closely as the yacht drew near, its bright beam focused on them. The sea was choppy and the yawl was not making fast time.

"Ahoy! You on the yawl! We're coming alongside!"

Oleson shrugged and rose. He dropped bumper-tires overside as the yacht moved in. It seemed only a matter of seconds when there was a line aboard. Then two. The boats rolled in the trough of the sea.

"Want to put a man aboard you. He's hurt bad," the skipper of the other craft said shortly. "We'll pay you a hundred dollars cash to take him ashore and get him to a hospital. He was in a fight. We can't afford to be involved."

There was no chance to argue. Men brought the stretcher aboard and set it down in the well of the afterdeck. Jankholt gazed down blankly at the fistful of ten dollar bills in his hand as the yacht cast off. Its motors coughed, roared, and the craft sped away as swiftly as it had come.

"Let's hoist more sail and move," Jankholt said, slowly. "We can't just sit here. How's the sailor?"

"He's hurt bad all right," Oleson said. "He's unconscious."

The two fishermen proceeded stolidly to carry out the contract they had not asked for. They were not pleased, even though the money was welcome.

But the sea was full of surprises that night. Twenty minutes later the two heard faint cries for help, and nosed the yawl to starboard. The cries grew closer, and within three minutes they hauled an exhausted man from the water. The man's name was Grove.

Grove rested on the afterdeck, sipped a cup of black coffee, and stared at the injured sailor. By the time he had recovered his breath and a little strength, there was a convulsive movement on the stretcher. He and Jankholt leaned forward almost together. The fisherman took the man's pulse. It stopped. He shook his head.

"He's dead! What do we do now?"

Charlie Grove's eyes narrowed. He sized up the two fishermen, and felt they'd do almost anything to keep free of the police.

"You guys," he said, sharply, "are in a jam!"

Oleson shook his head. "But we did nothing!"

Yet both men were worried. There'd be questions. Many questions.

"I can get you out of it, easy," Grove said, "if you'll do as I say. And you can make some money, too. Lots of money! How about it?"

The two fishermen looked at each other without speaking.

"What shall we do?" Jankholt asked quietly, after a time.

"Listen closely. My father and I are importers. We've had losses. I went overboard from the liner *Queen of Brazil*, tonight, intending to swim ashore. I was going to disappear, but this is better. This man is about my size. He's dead. Put my clothes on him. Tie a strangling cord around his neck. Let him wash ashore. My father can come and identify the body. I'll hide until we get the insurance money. You'll be out of your jam and I'll give each of you \$5,000.00."

Jankholt finished his narrative and looked up. There was terror in his eyes. He was in a jam again!

Well, that was the end of the story uncovered by Detective Dickenson while on vacation, but, even though the identity of the dead man never was revealed, it wasn't the end of the case. The Groves, father and son, were arrested, tried, found guilty of fraud and sentenced to long terms in the penitentiary. Jankholt and Oleson were relatively lucky; their sentences were for one year each. And such were the results of the analysis of a simple piece of twine!

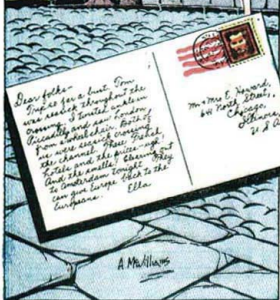
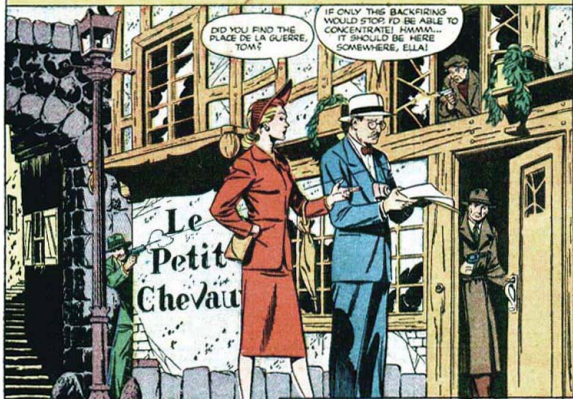
THE END

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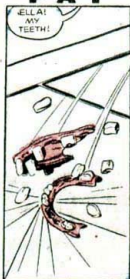
A
COMEDY
OF
TERRORS

MR. AND MRS. TOM CABLE, TYPICAL TOURISTS, ARE CAUGHT IN A SQUEEZE PLAY BETWEEN TWO RIVAL EUROPEAN SMUGGLING GANGS! BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THEIR DANGER, THEY ARE

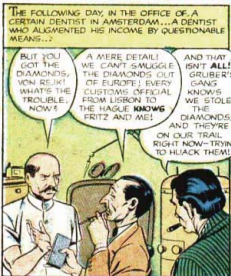
HAVING A WONDERFUL CRIME



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



IT IS TWO AMERICANS! ATTEND TO THEM, FLUGEL! WE'LL WAIT HERE!

VERY WELL, VON REUK! BUT KEEP AN EYE ON GRUBER!



GOOD MORNING! WE WERE RECOMMENDED TO YOU BY THE AMERICAN CONTHUL! HE GAVE US YOUR ADDRESS!

MY HUSBAND HAD AN ACCIDENT! HE FELL AND BROKE EVERY TOOTH OUT OF HIS UPPER AND LOWER PLATES!

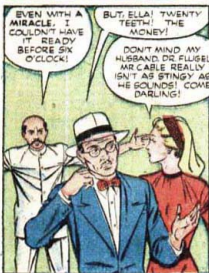
OH, I'M SO SORRY TO HEAR THAT! WON'T YOU BE SEATED, PLEASE!



UNFORTUNATELY, ONLY A FEW TEETH CAN BE USED AGAIN, MR. CABLE! YOU'LL NEED MORE THAN TWENTY REPLACEMENTS!

WHAT! THAT'LL COST A FORTUNE!

QUIET, TOM! YOU CAN'T KEEP WALKING AROUND WITH YOUR HAND IN FRONT OF YOUR MOUTH! WHEN CAN YOU REPLACE THE TEETH, DR. FLUGEL? WE NEED THEM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!



EVEN WITH A MIRACLE, I COULDN'T HAVE IT READY BEFORE SIX O'CLOCK!

BUT, ELLA! TWENTY TEETH! THE MONEY!

DON'T MIND MY HUSBAND, DR. FLUGEL! MR. CABLE REALLY ISN'T AS STINGY AS HE SOUNDS! COME, DARLING!

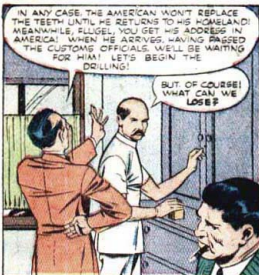


IT JUST HIT ME! I KNOW HOW WE CAN SMUGGLE THE GEMS PAST GRUBER'S HIJACKERS AND INTO AMERICA! THE AMERICAN NEEDS TWENTY TEETH! FINE! HE WILL GET TWENTY TEETH! BUT INSIDE EACH HOLLOW TOOTH THERE WILL BE A DIAMOND!

WHAT?!



JUST DRILL A SIMPLE HOLE INTO THE TOOTH, INSERT A DIAMOND, SEAL IT! EXPLAIN TO THE AMERICAN WHEN HE COMPLAINS OF THE HEAVINESS OF THE PLATE THAT ALL EUROPEAN FALSE TEETH ARE HEAVY—TO BITE THROUGH COARSE FOOD, NATURALLY!



IN ANY CASE, THE AMERICAN WON'T REPLACE THE TEETH UNTIL HE RETURNS TO HIS HOMETOWN! MEANWHILE, FLUGEL, YOU GET HIS ADDRESS IN AMERICA! WHEN HE ARRIVES, HAVING PASSED THE CUSTOMS OFFICIALS, WE'LL BE WAITING FOR HIM! LET'S BEGIN THE DRILLING!

BUT, OF COURSE! WHAT CAN WE LOSE?

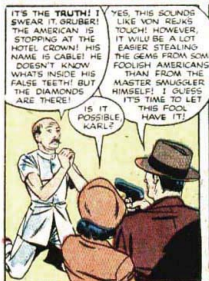


EIGHT HOURS LATER...

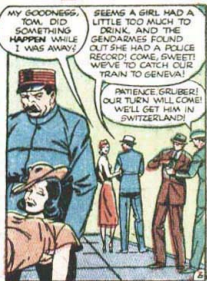
WELL, KARL... IT'S DARK! WHEN DO WE GO AFTER VON REUK?

WHEN THOSE AMERICANS HAVE LEFT! THEY'RE THE SAME ONES WHO WERE HERE THIS MORNING!

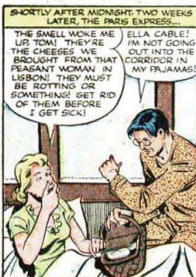
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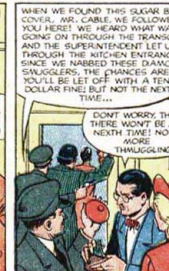
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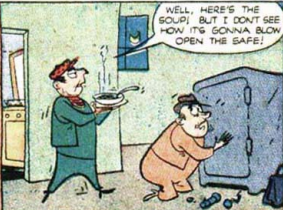


This'll KILL YA!

QUIT CLOWNIN' SPIKE, AN' HAND ME THE FLASHLIGHT!



WELL, HERE'S THE SOUP! BUT I DON'T SEE HOW IT'S GONNA BLOW OPEN THE SAFE!



WELL, HE SAYS, CELERY IS GREEN, BUT WHY NOT GROW SOMETHING PRACTICAL?



OH MY GOODNESS! HUNTLEY WILL DO ANYTHING TO IMPRESS THE BOSS!



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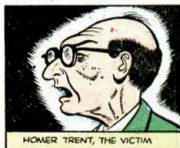
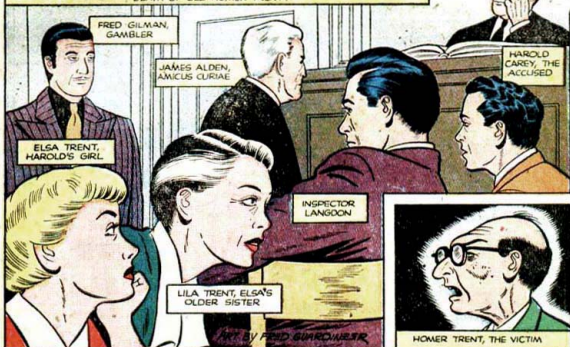


WHO DUNNIT? WHO KILLED HOMER TRENT?

THE ACCUSED, STANDING BEFORE THE BAR OF THE COURT, DENIED HIS GUILT! HOW GOOD A DETECTIVE ARE YOU? CAN YOU NAME THE MURDERER? THE KEY LIES IN THE TESTIMONY OF THE WITNESSES!

HERE IS A STRANGE CASE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE WHERE A MAN'S LIFE HINGED ON THE OUTCOME! CERTAIN FACTS, THOUGH MERELY INFERRED, COULD NOT BE DENIED! ON THE OTHER HAND, FALSE OR INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE MIGHT RESULT IN A GRAVE MISARRANGE OF JUSTICE! CAN YOU FIND THE FLAW IN THE TESTIMONY WHICH PROVED THE GUILT OF THE PARTY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEATH OF OLD HOMER TRENT?

JUDGE RANDOLPH



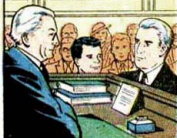
IN THE COURTROOM OF JUDGE RANDOLPH, A SINGULAR TRIAL WAS DRAWING TO A CLOSE...

MEMBERS OF THE JURY, YOU HAVE HEARD THE EVIDENCE! THE ACCUSED, THOUGH CHARGED WITH THE GRAVE CRIME OF MURDER, HAS OFFERED NO DEFENSE EXCEPT TO STATE REPEATEDLY THAT HE DID NOT DO IT! ONLY HE HIMSELF, IT APPEARS, KNOWS WHETHER THIS IS TRUE OR FALSE!

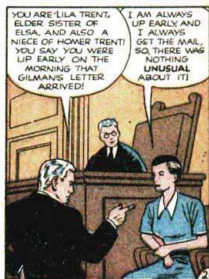
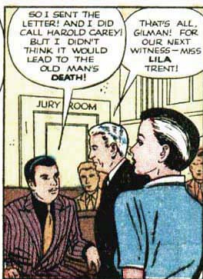
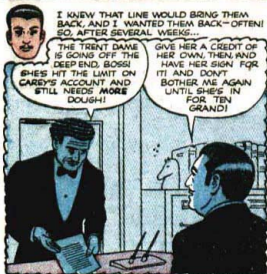
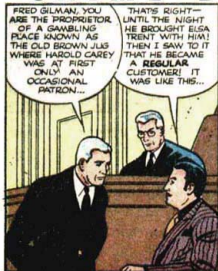
BECAUSE THE EVIDENCE IN THIS CASE IS PURELY CIRCUMSTANTIAL, I FEEL THAT IT SHOULD BE RE-EXAMINED AND TESTED BEFORE I CHARGE THE JURY! TO DO THIS IS BEYOND MY PROVINCE AS PRESIDING JUDGE! THEREFORE, I HAVE CALLED UPON A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE BAR, JAMES ALDEN, TO ACT AS "AMICUS CURIAE" OR FRIEND OF THE COURT, IN A FURTHER EFFORT TO ARRIVE AT THE TRUTH!

BY MUTUAL CONSENT OF THE PROSECUTOR AND OF THE DEFENSE COUNSEL, I AM GIVING YOU FULL AUTHORITY TO RECALL ANY WITNESSES TO THE STAND! YOU MAY PROCEED, MR. ALDEN!

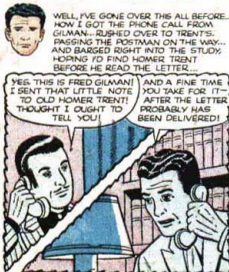
THANK YOU, YOUR HONOR! THIS WILL ENABLE ME TO RECONSTRUCT EVENTS IN THE ORDER OF THEIR OCCURRENCE! I SHALL BEGIN WITH THE MATTER OF THE LETTER...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

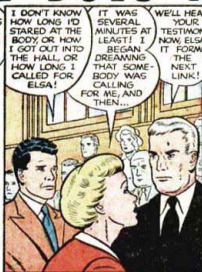


CRIME DOES NOT PAY



ELSA!
ELSA!
IT'S
HAROLD!
ELSA,
WHERE
ARE
YOU?

HAROLD! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE THIS
EARLY? AND STOP
SHOUTING FOR ME,
PLEASE! YOU'LL
WAKE UNCLE
HOMER!



I DON'T KNOW
HOW LONG I'D
STARED AT THE
BODY, OR HOW
I GOT OUT INTO
THE HALL, OR
HOW LONG I
CALLED FOR
ELSA!

IT WAS
SEVERAL
MINUTES AT
LEAST! I
BEGAN
DREAMING
THAT SOME-
BODY WAS
CALLING FOR
ME, AND
THEN...

WE'LL HEAR
YOUR
TESTIMONY
NOW, ELSA!
IT FORMS
THE NEXT
LINK!



I TOLD
YOU HE
WAS DEAD,
ELSA!

...I REALIZED IT WAS HAROLD! BUT
IT DIDN'T REGISTER WHEN HE KEPT
SAYING THAT UNCLE HOMER WAS
DEAD, UNTIL IT SUDDENLY OCCURRED
TO ME THAT IF HE WERE ALIVE,
HE'D HAVE THROWN HAROLD
OUT BY THIS TIME!

AND I COULDN'T BELIEVE
YOU! OH, HAROLD, THIS IS
TERRIBLE! HE MUST HAVE
FOUND OUT! WE MUST
TELL LILA! I HEAR HER
NOW IN THE KITCHEN!



WHY ARE YOU SO AFFECTIONATE ALL
OF A SUDDEN? CAN'T YOU SAVE IT
UNTIL I'VE FINISHED MAKING
COFFEE FOR UNCLE HOMER? WHAT
DID HE DO—BUST UP YOUR
BUDDING ROMANCE?

LILA—IF YOU
ONLY KNEW
WHAT YOU'RE
SAYING, LILA!
UNCLE HOMER
IS DEAD!



YOU SAY YOU FOUND
THE BODY, HAROLD?
DID YOU TOUCH
ANYTHING?

I DON'T
KNOW! I
DON'T
THINK SO!

WHY...WHY, HERE'S
FRED GILMAN!
WHAT'S HE
DOING HERE?



SO YOU ARE THE NOTORIOUS FRED GILMAN,
THE MAN MY UNCLE DENOUNCED SO
OFTEN! NOW THIS BEGINS TO SHAPE
UP! YOU ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR UNCLE'S
DEATH! WHY, THE THINGS YOU WROTE IN
THAT LETTER WERE JUST LIKE PULLING
THE TRIGGER ON THE GUN!

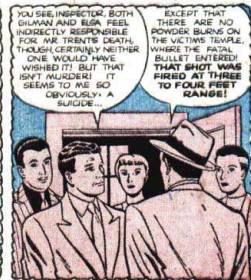
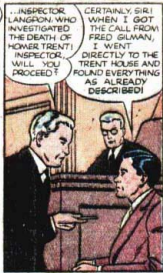
I'LL ADMIT I
CAME OVER TO
PUT THE SQUEEZE
ON THE OLD MAN!
BUT IN THAT LETTER
I ONLY SAID THAT
HIS NIECE, ELSA, OWED
ME MONEY!



YES, AND YOU SPECIFIED THAT IT WAS
LOST GAMBLING AT YOUR PLACE AND
YOU NAMED THE AMOUNT, AND
BETWEEN EVERY LINE YOUR
POISON PEN INSINUATED THAT
YOU INTENDED TO MAKE THE
SCANDAL PUBLIC!

LILA! LILA!
IT'S TOO
LATE FOR
ALL THAT
NOW! UNCLE
HOMER IS
DEAD! WE
CAN'T
CHANGE
IT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



I'M ACCEPTING YOUR STORY, HAROLD CAREY! THERE WAS NO EVIDENCE OF A STRUGGLE, AND NO OTHER EVIDENCE THAT WOULD PROVE BEYOND A REASONABLE DOUBT THAT YOU SHOT HOMER TRENT! THE FACT THAT YOU PASSED THE POSTMAN NEAR TRENT'S, PROVES THAT FRED GILMAN DIDN'T HAVE GOTTEN THERE AHEAD OF YOU--AT LEAST, NOT LONG ENOUGH TO HAVE COMMITTED MURDER AND GONE OUT AGAIN, SO GILMAN, TOO, IS CLEAR!

I ACCEPT THE FACT THAT YOU WERE ASLEEP, ELSA, BECAUSE LILA, BY HER OWN ADMISSION, RECEIVED THE MAIL AND SPOKE TO HOMER TRENT! BUT NOW COMES THE FAULTY EVIDENCE: **WE HAVE NO PROOF** THAT HOMER TRENT EVER READ THAT LETTER! WE KNOW THAT LILA WENT TO THE STORE, BUT SHE COULD HAVE GONE **BEFORE** THE MAIL CAME INSTEAD OF **AFTER**!

YOU GAVE YOURSELF AWAY LATER, LILA, WHEN YOU TOLD FRED GILMAN WHAT HE'D WRITTEN IN A LETTER WHICH PRESUMABLY YOU HAD NOT SEEN! NOW DID YOU CHALLENGE ELSA'S STATEMENT THAT YOU **HATED** YOUR UNCLE! YOU READ THAT LETTER, LILA! YOU GOT THE GUN FROM THE FILING CABINET AND WAITED IN THE ALCOVE, AND WHEN YOUR UNCLE SAT DOWN AT HIS DESK...

I KILLED HIM! I ADMIT IT! I TRIED TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SUICIDE, AND WHEN HAROLD CAREY WAS ACCUSED OF MURDER, I COULDN'T HELP HIM WITHOUT CONVICTING MYSELF! BESIDES, I **HATED** ELSA! SHE ALWAYS HAD TOO GOOD A TIME! I DIDN'T WANT HER TO BE HAPPY, SO I DIDN'T MIND WHAT HAPPENED TO HAROLD, BUT NOW IT'S NO USE TO TRY TO HIDE MY GUILT! I **DID IT!** I **DID IT!** I **DID IT!**



THE END

WHOSE FALSE TESTIMONY CONCEALED THE MURDERER? IF YOU DON'T KNOW WHO DUNNIT TURN THE PAGE UPSIDE DOWN! FOR THE SOLUTION!

HAROLD CAREY?	ELSA TRENT?
FRED GILMAN?	LILA?

WHO DUNNIT?

THE TRUTH!

FURTHER CROSS-EXAMINATION AND THEREBY LEARN HAVING FOUND THE FLAW, I AM GOING TO SUBMIT ONE PARTY TO **ALLEGED FACTS** GIVEN BY ONE OF THE WITNESSES HERE TODAY! FAULTY OR INSUFFICIENT, AND SUCH IS THE CASE WITH CERTAIN MURDER—COULD NOT ALLOW **SUICIDE**! BUT **ANY** EVIDENCE CAN BE **WAS MURDER** SINCE THE CIRCUMSTANCES—AS ACCUSED BY THE GUN! NO ONE ADMITS WITNESSING IT, A **FACT** THAT HOMER TRENT WAS **CIRCUMSTANTIAL FACTS** ARE ACCEPTABLE! IT IS A **FACT** THAT HOMER TRENT WAS TOLD BROKE THE NEWS TO HER SISTER LILA! NOW, LIKE **ANY** EVIDENCE, ELSA TRENT, CLAIMING THAT HE'D FOUND HER UNCLE A SUICIDE, AND ELSA IN HER CAREY INFORMED OF THE FACT, WENT TO THE TRENT HOUSE! THERE, HE ROUSED GILMAN MAILED THE POISON PEN LETTER, THAT IT WAS DELIVERED AND THAT HAROLD THIS CASE IS BASED ENTIRELY ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE! WE KNOW THAT FRED

THAT'S WHAT HE KEPT SAYING ALL THE TIME, THAT EVIDENT THAT HE DIDN'T MURDER! YET IT IS TRENT WAS MURDERED, UP THE SLEWS ABOUT THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT! BUT HE WON'T ADMIT ANYTHING!

WELL, THAT'S WHAT HE KEPT SAYING ALL THE TIME, THAT EVIDENT THAT HE DIDN'T MURDER! YET IT IS TRENT WAS MURDERED, UP THE SLEWS ABOUT THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD HAVE DONE IT! BUT HE WON'T ADMIT ANYTHING!

...AND YOU KILLED HOMER TRENT RATHER THAN HAVE HIM DISHERIT ELSA! CONFESS IT NOW! HE BROUGHT OUT THE GUN, ORDERED YOU FROM THE HOUSE, AND SHOT HIM, THEN FRAMED THE DO IT, I TELL YOU!

NO, I DIDN'T DO IT, I TELL YOU!

YOU THOUGHT YOU FRAMED IT PERFECTLY DIDN'T YOU, CAREY? HOWEY TRENT READ THE LETTER, THEN GOT OUT HIS GUN AND SHOT HIMSELF—RATHER THAN FACE THE LOSS OF HIS FAMILY HONOR! WELL, IT DOESN'T WASH! THIS WAS MURDER!

IT WASN'T I! DIDN'T DO IT!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY